LITERARY CRITICISM AND BOOK NEWS

Sir Harry Johnston on White World Dominion—Hebrew Influences in English Letters—New Books of Various Interest.

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

COMMON SENSE IN FOREIGN POLICY. By Sir Harry Johnston. Illustrated with eight maps. 8vo, pp. 119. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the late Sir Charles Dilke published his masterly survey of "The Present Position of European Politics." In the volume before us Sir Harry Johnston undertakes to furnish a similar survey of the far more complex "world politics" that has since grown into being. He ventures to do even more, for he would reach an agreement among the white nations for the control of the earth in order to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest numbers. Thus would wars between them and the causes of war be reduced to a minimum, and their strength reserved for the governance of our "colored brethren."

The new colonization of the earth which he proposes will be one of development for the natives' own interest, a rule of justice, pity, reasonable unselfishness and wide sympathies. Neither ultimate extinction nor perpetual tutelage must be its aim. The non-Caucasian peoples will gradually be brought to a condition of equality with the white nations, like that which Japan has already attained. There may be to-morrow a self-governing India, Egypt, Arabia, Nigeria and Madagascar, and for this purpose the non-Caucasian talent (Sir Harry applies throughout the antiquated designation "Caucasian" to the white race)—the non-Caucasian talent, hidden in a napkin, must be found by the white man and made to yield a hundredfold, to their mutual advantage. In the performance of this service, however—

> The white man may meet with a serious or partial check. There are still about 1,000,000,000 of non-Caucasian, non-Christian, mainly recalcitrant peoples, the majority of whom hate or distrust the white man with or without good reason. A considerable proportion of these may unite to oppose the purpose and destiny of the Caucasian. They will have as their ally the bad side of Nature, the real Evil Principle, the Devil, who is ever trying to prevent Man's conquest of the Earth, and who works through germ disease, fungoid and bacillus; mosquito, fly tick, bug and flea; through hurricane, tidal wave, earthquake, flood and drought; through the animal instincts and lusts; through false religions and false views of religion. But what we white peoples ought to strive for is unity of purpose; an alliance throughout all the world in this final struggle for mastery over Nature.

All this, barring the Devil, hurricane, tidal wave, earthquake and other hostile forces of nature, sounds very much like the warning uttered by the German Emperor at the time of the Boxer Rebellion. Our author plainly sees that such an alliance cannot be brought about by the next "round table conference at The Hague," therefore it behooves Great Britain to maintain her proper place as a naval power and to train her manhood for war. When wars between the white nations shall have become impossible, these armaments will serve to constrain recalcitrant non-Caucasian peoples to keep the peace.

As a survey of the present state of world politics, as a statement of international relations and ambitions at the present moment, the book is most informing. Sir Harry Johnston knows whereof he writes. But when he undertakes to readjust these clashing interests and aims, one is assailed by serious doubts, the point of view is so essentially British, British interests are so persistently kept in view. The author's readjustment of the map of the world is rather radical, and has for its main purpose the drawing away of Germany from the North Sea, and of Russia from India. To be sure, he would cede Walfisch Bay to the Emperor, and advocates concessions of spheres of influence here and there, but he would give the pan-Germanistic aspiration a free hand in the Balkans, recompensing Hungary on the Black Sea. He advocates the elevation of northern and western Finland into an independent kingdom allied with the Scandinavian countries, rather favors the re-establishment of the kingdom of Poland as a member of the German Empire, and would return Metz and a part of Lorraine to France. To Russia he allots Mongolia and a part of Manchuria; Japan is to have the Philippines. His African readjustments include an agreement between Great Britain, Germany, and France concerning the Congo and the withdrawal of Germany from control of the upper Zambesi, where the empire cuts across the connection between British South Africa and Portuguese Dongola. As for the United States:

> This union . . . tends toward an informal alliance with Great Britain. . . . But such an alliance will never be written down, nor will it ever be possible to force the United States to do anything it does not wish to do, even to the keeping of its pledged word. But so long as we remain a free-trade country it is altogether to the interests of the United States that we shall hold a very high and authoritative place in the councils of Europe. And if the United Kingdom were ever in serious danger from a hostile European coalition it is a prophecy almost certain of fulfilment that a fleet would sail from the United States to her rescue.

The author plainly indicates his expectation of war before the advent of the pact of the white nations for the rulership of the earth. The book is curiously interesting, however, in its double purpose of serving Great Britain in the present condition of world politics, and in its consistent use of an amazing range of facts in order to advocate a new state of things. Finally, the diplomatic tension created by California between our government and Japan gives this book increased timeliness, and additional meaning.

HEBREW SOURCES

A Study of Influences in English Literature.

A HEBREW ANTHOLOGY. A Collection of Poems and Dramas Inspired by the Old Testament and Post-Biblical Tradition Gathered from Writings of English Poets, from the Elizabethan Period and Earlier to the Present Day. Edited by George Alexander Kohut. With an Introduction by Hudson Maxim. In Two Volumes. Volume I: Lyrical, Narrative and Devotional Poems; Volume II: Selections from the Drama. Crown 8vo, pages xxxiii, 1,399. Cincinnati: S. Bachrach.

In these two volumes the compiler and editor has put together several hundred poems and dramas based upon the Old Testament and later Hebrew tradition, culled from the writings of English poets from the seventh century to the present day. No similar collection of equal scope has appeared in any language. The thoroughness of this monumental work, the amount of scholarship, research and labor which have been expended in its preparation, assure its position for a long time to come as the definitive anthology of the Hebrew sources of English sacred verse and drama.

In his preface Dr. Kohut sets forth at some length his thesis concerning the influence of Hebrew tradition upon English literature. He shows that Caedmon and the earliest Saxon chroniclers were strongly impressed by the vividness and ruggedness of the Hebrew Bible, and that their first efforts were devoted to the treatment of themes which inspired the ancient Hebrew bards. The quaint epic of the "Fall of Man" and the passionate romance of Judith, the apocryphal heroine, are presented in the Northumbrian dialect, datin from the seventh and ninth centuries, respectively. Mere fragments they are, yet precious survivals of a literary age that was both rich and varied in its output and versatility.

Dr. Kohut furnishes much illustrative material to prove that the pretty fancies, ethical maxims and moral traditions of the ancient rabbis have left an indelible impress upon the great men of letters of all ages. The beautiful apologues and folk-tales quoted in the third section of his first volume bear ample testimony to the extent of this influence in English poetry. Robert Browning drew freely upon the Talmud, and embellished the original narratives with the subtle and intricate processes of his thought. In "Doctor" and in "Jochanan Hakkadosh," as well as in his classic treatise, "Rabbi Ben Ezra," he gives an admirable survey of the philosophy, ethics and theology of the old sages of Israel. So, also, in his "Holy Cross Day" and in "Filippo Baldinucci" he pays eloquent tribute to Jewish character and evinces his strong Hebraic sympathies. In his company there are other illustrious men whose rendition of the stories of the rabbis merits the attention of the student and lay reader. Archbishop Trench, S. Baring-Gould, Sir Edwin Arnold, George Croly, John G. Saxe, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and many others contribute to this branch of a fascinating literature.

This statement applies with still greater force to the fourth section of Dr. Kohut's anthology, which he appropriately marks: "For Israel: Poems in Defence of the Jews—Tributes and Elegies." Here may be found an aftermath of characteristic appreciations and testimonies on behalf of this ancient people by such writers as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Joaquin Miller, Swinburne, Richard Watson Gilder, Edwin Markham, Robert Underwood Johnson, Rudyard Kipling, William Wordsworth, John Addington Symonds, Longfellow, Helen Gray Cone, Matthew Arnold, Minot J. Savage, Judge Noah Davis and numerous other poets and statesmen, who lent the force and vigor of their personality to champion and extol the beauty and dignity of Israel.

But not only these selections of a moral and sentimental value merit attention and praise. To the lay reader, no less than to the student and scholar, perhaps the most fascinating and interesting portion of the Anthology will be the first two sections, comprising Poems on the Bible, on the Apocrypha and Post-Biblical Tradition. Here, in a measure, every lover of good English is at home. Here he will find his favorite verses on sacred themes. Byron's "Hebrew Melodies," Sir Edwin Arnold's episodal poems on the patriarchs and prophets, culled from the Koran, quaint and beautiful legends of Old Testament characters sung by American poets, hold equal rank with the stately Psalms of Milton, the Paraphrases of the Canticles and Lamentations by George Wither, and the soul-stirring and impassioned translations of Sir Philip Sidney, George Peele, Sandys, Cardinal Newman, Lord Houghton, James Montgomery and others. The entire book of Psalms is reproduced in verse by poets from the fifteenth century to the present day. Of curious interest here is the long list of royal and noble British authorship. Two British kings set their hands to David's lyre, and many lords and ladies of the realm followed in their train.

The second volume contains complete dramas, as well as extracts from dramatic literature, which will be found to be serviceable and important, especially to Bible study circles. Two of Byron's, two of Hannah More's, two of Milman's dramatic poems are included. The range of topics extends from "The Epic of Paradise" to "The Merchant of Venice," with translations from the French and German. Among the more important of these are Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," Racine's "Athaliah" and Victor Hugo's "Torquemada."

This "Hebrew Anthology" is a serious and valuable contribution to general literature. It will take rank with standard collections like the Bryant "Library of Poetry and Song," Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" and the two more recent Victorian and American anthologies of Edmund Clarence Stedman.

In his forceful introduction Sir Hudson Maxim says:

> The crystallized thought of the ancient Hebrew is the one thing most precious come down to us from the remote past. The vastness of this influence on successive after pages may not be comprehended, a clew to apprehension lies in the pages of this Anthology. To the English speaking races Hebrew thought has served steadfastly as the incentive to achievement in the art of letters; it has been constant, indefatigable, in its grant of inspiration, in its array of splendid material at the writer's behest. How bountifully its riches have been loved, how gratefully nurtured, how graciously made fruitful, this Anthology reveals!"

ALL KINDS OF WEATHER

Popular Excursions Into the Atmosphere.

OUR OWN WEATHER. A Simple Account of Its Curious Forms, Its Wide Travels, and Its Notable Effects. By Edwin C. Martin. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 281. Harper & Bros.

We all believe ourselves to be more or less weatherwise. We all certainly have pronounced, if constantly changing, opinions on the subject. We praise, we complain, we forecast, and yet the moment we open Mr. Martin's delightfully popular treatise we learn that we know nothing about it whatever. He tells us very gently, very courteously, but—there it is. Then, when we have read him through, we find that we have learned a great deal, and that the atmosphere is just as well worth studying as is the ever-changing sea.

That is, indeed, the author's point of departure. No better comparison can be made in explanation of the weather than that between the movements of atmosphere and ocean:

> The weather itself is but an activity. The air of the atmosphere, like the water of the sea, and, indeed, all nature, man included, is forever seeking ease and never quite finding it. The weather is simply the air's *business*—its running to and fro, its conflicts and avoidances, its unions and divisions, and graspings and givings-up in pursuit of this one aim which it never fully achieves. If expanses of atmosphere were as open to view as expanses of sea, the slightest brushes of weather would be all the time giving us intimation of a vastness, a puissance, and a mystery far exceeding the sea's.

Could explanation be simpler, clearer, and at the same time appeal more strongly to the imagination and to intellectual curiosity? Here, then, is the book of all kinds of weather, of fair and cloudy and showery and steady rain weather, of hot waves and cold ones, of fair skies and gloomy, of what the sailormen call "dirty" weather, of breezes, storms, cyclones, tornadoes and typhoons, of drouths and the reverse, of winter and summer, of all this "business" of the atmosphere seeking ease. You can read here of dew and frost, of signs and superstitions, of the weather man and the Weather Bureau. The record for the lowest absolute cold is Siberia's beyond a chance of wresting it from her. But, oh balm to our patriotic pride, the record for greatest heat does not belong to the equator, but to this great country—130 degrees Fahrenheit, registered at Mammoth Tank, Col., in the Colorado Desert, in 1885. Hurrah for us!

BROWSY HISTORY

English Men and Women in Paris Prisoners of War.

EMINENT ENGLISH MEN AND WOMEN IN PARIS, 1800-1850. By Roger Boutet de Monvel. Translated by G. Herring. With illustrations. 8vo, pp. xiii, 315. Charles Scribner's Sons.

One of the familiar legends in the story of books is that of the habit of a past day when bookish persons were wont to "browse" in bookshops. The modern bookshop is all too often a place of business which does not invite one to this sentimental practice. And, too, most of us in this year of our Lord are implements of business, somewhat disqualified for leisurely and lettered entertainments of this nature. The efficient reviewer tells us what we want to further our own efficiency, and we order it forthwith, perhaps by telephone. Occasionally, however, there comes from the clattering presses, amid the roar and the shrill din of "the trade," a book which takes one, for maybe an evening, into the sweet and tranquil air of that old and forsaken custom of "browsing." Such a book we found this one to be. After about twenty minutes of reading in it, we put on our softest slippers. We wished that we had a skullcap. We adjusted our spectacles, and were as happy as the traditional old gentleman rich in leisure and a poddering love of letters. This work was crowned by the French Academy in 1912. When we perceived what manner of thing the gods had given us, like a good "browser" we read the last chapter first, that on Thackeray in Paris. We relished all the footnotes in the volume, and pored long over each of the many quaint prints reproduced. The literary style of the book in its English translation is peculiarly ingratiating.

"Eminent English Men and Women in Paris" is not without a genuine historical and political significance. It deals with Anglo-French relations during the nineteenth century; and this was the period, the author reminds us, when British influence was most strongly felt in France. The author writes with a sympathy toward the English as rare in the Frenchman as, indeed, would be the converse. He notes that "never did neighboring nations offer a more singular contrast to one another." And he says:

> It would seem that these two races of men, the English and the French, are in such mutual contradiction that, even were one utterly ignorant of the different customs prevailing on opposite sides of the Channel, one might take each one of the traits of the typical French character and, by merely putting down the exact opposite, obtain a truthful portrait of the Englishman.

And yet, he mentions, "politics apart, there are, I believe, few nations who have maintained a more uninterrupted intercourse with one another, and probably fewer still whose thought and culture have acted and reacted so closely one upon the other." M. de Monvel's entertaing work deals, perhaps, mainly with the English prisoners and visitors during the Napoleonic reign and with the great flock of those that crossed the Channel upon its collapse at Waterloo. The pictures of the colonies of British exiles banded together to drive away ennui are prettily painted. Mr. James Forbes, archæologist and botanist, member of the Royal Society of London, whose adventures in France open the volume, travelling for pleasure and with the view to "completing the education" of his family, was a very astonished gentleman when, landing in Paris on the 24th day of May, 1803, he learnt, as he stepped from his coach, that he was a prisoner of war. The account of the society composed of his countrymen in like straits, the very fashionable and the demi-monde in extraordinary affiliation, its fêtes, receptions, masked balls, theatrical performances and gaming, is very human reading, in a form pleasantly adapted to the desultory mind interested in the intimate scenes of history.

The author has a scent for historical gossip. There is a delicately humorous, essayical quality to his style, and he makes copious use of well marshalled quotations from voluminous and varied sources. The divisions of his book are, after "Napoleon's Prisoners," "The English Invasion After Waterloo," "Lady Morgan and Lady Blessington," "The English Colony and the Anglomaniacs," and the enticing paper on the young Thackeray, student of art and life and letters in Paris. M. de Monvel's racial urbanity gives us a clew, perhaps, to the readiness with which many of his country's prisoners of war of Napoleon definitely took up their abode with their enemies of the day before.

CURRENT FICTION WORTH WHILE

Henry Sydnor Harrison's Delightful New Novel—An Englishman of Promise and Performance—Two Popular American Humorists.

MR. HARRISON ARRIVES.

V. V.'S EYES. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 369. Houghton, Mifflin Company.

Awaited with an interest that is significant of the expectations built upon Mr. Harrison's first book, his second proves not only worthy of its predecessor's promise, but a long step beyond it in craftsmanship and in breadth of outlook upon life. Our young American novelist is maturing rapidly. Still, and fortunately for us, his greatest asset, his greatest charm, remains his youthfulness. The long road of life is still a voyage of discovery to him, not of the sober retrospect of experience, a voyage of magic revelations and enchanting unfoldings beyond each turn of the road. The itinerary is still forward through the sunshine of morning. The shadows will come, and the obstacles. Love and right living and thinking are the only guides that can be trusted when the hard places shall be reached, and must be overcome. Only—there is the bitter game of cross-purposes between life and destiny, or call it fate, which always shou ie at one, and so seldom are. Hence the tragedy and the puzzle of existence.

Fate cuts the thread without apparent rhyme or reason, yet Life profits because V. V.'s Eyes and example of loving service have taught a woman what the mistress of the great pleasure dog Behemoth taught the man to whom human souls and hearts, like their bodi s, were but pawns in the scheme of economics—love of one's kind, and servi e of their needs. And, if, in the realization, one life be sacrificed and the happiness of another wrecked, the price is not too high, since the survivor, so at least we infer, will continue the martyr's work and add thereto her own.

That is the lesson, but it is not preached. Mr. Harrison is a teller of tales first of all, a loving student and delineator of his kind in the formative days when, confronting life with self-confidence, sure of victory, youth is but clay in the hands of the potter. He affects a gentle touch of worldly-wise irony—is he, as novelist, not far more knowing than his youthful characters? He turns it more sternly against their elders—against middle age, which is so far more interesting than he knows, as he will discover, one hopes, in the years to come, when his books will grow in depth of insight into life as well as in breadth of outlook. One takes this novel seriously, because Mr. Harrison has earned the right thus to be taken. He is becoming a figure of importance on the horizon of our fiction, so dismally void of promise.

Regarded from the technical point of view, "V. V.'s Eyes" is far better than "Queed." Its plot is far more firmly interwoven with life and destiny; its characters move at the same time far more freely in this scheme of things which he has borrowed from existence. He loves to linger by the way to give telling little touches, here to his people, yonder to his setting, elsewhere to the vistas his own voyage of discovery is revealing to him. Even his elaborately descriptive chapter-headings, a revival of an older fashion first affected, one believes, by Mr. de Morgan, are a delight in themselves. Mr. Harrison is perfecting his method of saying things—and he has things to say that are worth while. Withal, he is a graceful, a delightful companion, whose lighter touch is as felicitous as his serious note sounds sincere.

A FINE NOVEL.

FORTITUDE. Being a True and Faithful Account of the Education of an Adventurer. By Hugh Walpole. 12mo, pp. 484. The George H. Doran Company.

Occasionally a novelist of our day squares his elbows and does something worth his salt. This before us is a piece of fiction solidly sunk and builded in the traditions laid down by the early masters of the English novel. A sensible man may read it through—if he have the time—and a silly woman couldn't. Its girth is about that of the "Old Wives' Tale," say, or "Joseph Vance." nd its bulk is not that of flabby fat, but of bone and sinew. Through its veins courses ruddy blood, and in its nostrils is a breath like to that of the war horse who smelleth the battle from afar and crieth, "Ha! Ha!" The author has taken as his text a saying of one of his characters, "It is not life that matters, but the courage you bring to it." And his book of humor, romance and realism, picturing the people of Cornwall and literary Londop, his pæan of youth and strength and love, is a valiant and bracing sermon. The hero, Peter Westcott, first comes before us a little boy watching a fight from between the legs of elders in the kitchen of The Bending Mule. And a fight this is worth watching. But the battle that Peter wages with life is a far greater one. Life is the great adventure. The character of Peter is welded: he loves and hates, exults and despairs, aspires and conquers—Peter Westcott. On the hill again at Cornwall he answers the storm: "Make of me a man—to be afraid of nothing . . . to be ready for everything—love, friendship, success . . . to take if it comes . . . to care nothing if these things are not for me—

"Make me brave!"

WELCOME MR. PRATT AGAIN.

MR. PRATT'S PATIENTS. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 345. D. Appleton & Co.

It would require Sophrony Gott herself not to laugh at Mr. Pratt's own account of his most recent adventures. Mrs. Gott, the jolly old Cape Cod fisherman says, was "fur's jokes was concerned an ironclad old frigate." But Adoniram, her lesser half, was even superior to her in this respect. For he, Solomon Pratt tells us, "never could see a point until after he'd set on it." Folks, however, less gifted in the matter of insularity of this nature will have their faces lighted up, as our salt friend puts it, "like a binnacle lamp," throughout their reading of this ludicrous yarn. Perhaps a weakness for humor would have been incompatible to Mrs. Gott's combination of professions. Mr. Pratt tells us that he "drifted around to East Trumpet and hired a room on the hurricane deck of her boarding house." And Adoniram makes it known that she was "a clairvoyum—way up in spiritu'lism." Though Mr. Pratt is a scoffer in both these matters, she reads his future in a cup of tea. In his skiff, the Dora Bassett, he does, as Adoniram excitedly "hollers" out to him, take the journey she foretold, and, too, as Eureka exclaims, he meets the sort of thin man with kind of thick hair, and the thick man with thin hair, seen by Mrs. Gott in the teacup. And these affect his destiny. After a brief series of mirthful adventures, he becomes handy man at an "insanitarium," the "Sea Breeze Bluff Sanitarium for Right Living and Rest," "run" by Dr. Lysander P. Wool, the "'Wool's Willow Wine for the Weak' feller," and the really heady sport of the tale begins

SENTIMENTAL.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN. By Frank L. Packard. Illustrations by W. L. Jacobs. 12mo, pp. 293. George H. Doran Company.

There is no sociological "purpose" in this story, no exposure of the ways of the law with justice, of those of politicians with prisons, or of jailers with convicts. It is simply a highly colored romance of a man who takes upon himself another's guilt—that of manslaughter—and accepts the punishment therefor, which is imprisonment for life. None believes him guilty, neither judge nor public prosecutor, neither jury nor the neighbors, but his own confession is explicit and the evidence complete, since he has made it so. But into the grayness of his monotonous days behind the prison walls there creeps the sunshine of love—love for the warden's gentle, compassionate daughter, and with the love comes the desire to be happy. So the innocent prisoner breaks jail. Thus far the plot may be unfolded, the motive being left unrevealed, like the adventures that follow, but, as the slip-cover of the book says, "Well, it all ends happily." There is a certain ingenuousness about it all, a reminiscence of less sophisticated, more sentimental tastes in fiction of an earlier period. To those in whom this taste survives the story will undoubtedly be welcome.

WALLINGFORD AGAIN.

WALLINGFORD IN HIS PRIME. By George Randolph Chester. 12mo, pp. 424. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"That's what I call sportin'," announced Rickey Saunders." Mr. Saunders we consider a good "old top," and he will not mind, we hope, our troubling him for the loan of his pleasant expression. We would apply it to this new box of Wallingford tricks. For awhile it is, to draw further upon Mr. Saunders's generosity, "deuced bloomin' fun," good stuff for an O. Henry-like short story, but 424 pages of it strikes us as rather a tall order, so to speak, for one's interest. In fact, after about half that number of pages J.